THE FAMOVS Hiſtory of Sir Thomas Wyat.

With the Coronation of Queen Mary, and the coming in of King Philip.

As it was plaied by the Queens Maieſties Seruants.

Written by *Thomas Dickers*, And *Iohn Webſter*.

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THE Famous Hiſtorie of *Sir* Thomas Wyat.

Enter Northumberland *and* Suffolke.

Suff: How fares the King, my Lord?
ſpeakes he cheerely?
Nor: Euen as a dying man, whoſe life
Like to quicke lighting, which is
no ſooner ſeene, but is extinct.
Suff: Is the Kings will confirm'd?
Nor: I, thats the point that we leuel at.
But oh, the confirmation of that will, tis all, tis all.
Suff: That will confirme my Daughter Queene.
Nor. Right, & my Sonne is marryed to your daughter.
My Lord, in an euen plaine way, I will
Deriue the Crowne vnto your Daughters head.
What though the King hath left behinde,
Two Sifters, lawfull and immediate heires,
To ſucceed him in his Throane. Lyes it not
In our powers to contradict it?
Haue we not the King and Counſels hands vnto it?
Tut, wee ſtand high in mans opinion,
And the worldes broad eye.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyat.

Suff. Heere comes Sir Thomas Wyat.

Nor: Sir Thomas booted and ſpur'd, whether away ſo faſt?

Wiat. It bootes me not to ſtay,
When in this land rebellion beares ſuch ſway.
Gods will, a Court! Tis chang'd
Since Noble Henries daies.
You haue ſet your handes vnto a will.
A will you well may call it:
So wils Northumberland:
So wils great *Suffolke*,
Againſt Gods will, to wrong thoſe Princely Maides.

Nor. Will you not ſubſcribe your hand with other of the Lords?
Not with me, that in my handes,
Surpriſe the Soueraigntie?

Wyat. Ile damb'd my ſoule for no man, no for no man, who at doomes day muſt anſwere for my ſinne:
Not you, nor you my Lordes,
Who nam'de Queene Iane in noble Henries daies,
Which of you all durſt once diſplace his iſſue?
My Lords, my Lords, you whet your kniues ſo ſharp,
To carue your meate,
That they will cut your fingars.
The ſtrength is weakeneſſe that you builde vpon,
The King is ſicke, God mend him, I, God mend him:
But were his ſoule from his pale body free,
Adieu my Lords, the Court no court for me. *Exit Wyat.*

North. Farwell, I feare thee not.
The Fly is angrie, but hee wants a ſting,
And all the Counſell onely this peruerſe
And peeuiſh Lord, hath onely deny'd his hand
To the inueſting of your princely Daughter.
Hee's idle, and wants power.
Our Ocean ſhall theſe petty brookes deuoure,

Heere

Heere comes his Highneſſe Doctor.

Enter Doctor.

Suff: How fares his Highneſſe?
Doct: His body is paſt helpe.
We haue left our practice to the Diuines,
That they may cure his ſoule
Aru: Paſt phiſickes helpe, why then paſt hope of life,
Heere comes his Highneſſe Preacher:
Life reuerent man.

Enter Preacher.

Pre. Life, life, though death his body doe diſſeuer,
Our King liues with the King of heauen for euer.
Nor. Dead! ſend for Heralds, call me Purſeuants,
Wher's the King at armes? in euerie market towne
Proclaime Queene *Iane.*
Suff. Beſt to take the opinion of the Counſell.
Nort. You are too timorous. We in our ſelues
Are power ſufficient: the King being dead.
This hand ſhall place the crowne
On Queene *Ianes* head.
Trumpets and Drums, with your notes reſound,
Her royal name, that muſt in ſtate be crown'd. *Exeũt Om*

Enter Guilford and Iane.

Guil: Our Couſen King is dead.
Ian: Alaſſe, how ſmall an Vrne containes a King?
He that ruld all, euen with his princely breath,
Is forc'd to ſtoope now to the ſtroake of death.
Heard you not the proclamation?
Gui: I heare of it, and I giue credit to it
What great men feare to be,
Their feares grow greater.
Our Fathers grow ambitious,
And would force vs ſaile in mightie tempeſts,
And are not Lordes of what they doe poſſeſſe.
Are not thy thoughts as great?

Ian. I haue no thoughts ſo ranke, ſo growne to head,
As are our Fathers pride.
Troth I doe inioy a Kingdome hauing thee.
And ſo my paine be proſperous in that,
What care I though a Sheep-cote be my Pallace
Or faireſt roofe of honour.

Gui. See how thy blood keepes courſe with mine:
Thou muſt be a Queene, aye me! a Queene,
The flattering belles that ſhrilly ſound
At the Kings funerall with hollow heartes,
Will cowardly call thee Soueraigne:
For indeed thou wouldſt proouе but an Vſurper. (golde?

Ian, Who would weare fetters though they were all of
Or to be ſicke, though his faint browes
For a wearing Night-cap, wore a Crowne.
Thou muſt aſſume, a tytle that goes on many feet,
But tis an office, wherein the heartes of Schollers,
And of Souldiers will depend vppon thy Hearſe.
Were this rightly ſcand,
Wee ſcarce ſhould finde a King in any Land.

Enter Arundell.

Arun. Honor and happy reigne
Attend the new Maieſtie of England.

Ian: To whome my Lord bends this your aue.

Arun. To your grace dread Soueraigne,
You are by the Kings will, and the conſent
Of all the Lords, choſen for our Queene.

Ian: O God! me thinkes you ſing my death,
In parts of muſickes lowdnes,
Tis not my turne to riſe.

Enter Northumberland, Suffolke with the Purſe and the Mace, with others.

Nor: The voice of the whole Land-ſpeakes in my (tongue
It is concluded your Maieſtie muſt ride,
From hence vnto the Tower: there to ſtay
Vntill your Coronation.

Ian: O God!
Suff. Why ſighes your Maieſtie?
Ian: My Lord and Father, I pray tell me,
Was your Fathers Father ere a King?
Suff. Neuer, and it like your grace.
Ian. Would I might ſtill continue of his lyne,
Not trauell in the cloudes.
It is often ſeene, the heated blood
That couets to be royall, leaues off ere it be noble,
My learned carefull King, what muſt we goe?
Gui. We muſt.
Ian. Then it muſt be ſo. - - - - - -
Nor. Set forward then.

A dead march, and paſſe round the ſtage, and Guilford ſpeakes.

The Towre will be a place of ample ſtate,
Some lodgings in it, will like dead mens ſculs,
Remember vs of frailty.
Gui. We are led with pompe to priſon,
O propheticke ſoule.
Lo we aſcend into our chaires of State,
Like funerall Coffins, in ſome funerall
Pompe deſcending to their graues. But we muſt on.
How can we fare well, to keep our Court:
Where Priſoners keepe their caue?

A floriſh. Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Queene Mary with a Prayer Booke in her hand, like a Nun.

Mary. Thus like a Nun, not like a Princeſſe borne,
Deſcended from the Royall Henries loynes:
Liue I inuiron'd in a houſe of ſtone,
My Brother *Edward* liues in pompe and ſtate,
I in a manſion here all ruinate.
Their rich attire, delicious banquetting:
Their ſeuerall pleaſures; all their pride and honour,

I haue

I haue forſaken for a rich prayer Booke.
The Golden Mines of wealthy India,
Is all as droſſe compared to thy ſweetneſſe.
Thou art the ioy, and comfort of the poore,
The euerlaſting bliſſe in thee we finde.
This little volume incloſed in this hand,
Is richer then the Empire of this land.

Enter Sir Henry Beningfield.

Ben. Pardon me Madam, that ſo boldly
I preſſe into your Chamber. I ſalute your
Highneſſe with the high ſtile of Queene.
Mar. Queene! may it be?
Or ieſt you at my lowring miſerie.
Ben: Your Brother King is dead,
And you the catholicke Queene muſt now ſuccede.
Mar. I ſee my God, at length hath heard my prayer.
You Sir Harry, for your glad tydings,
Shall be held in honour and due regard.

Enter ſir Thomas Wyat

Wiat. Health to the Lady Mary.
Mar. And why not Queene, Sir Thomas? (Iand
Wia: Aske that of Suffolke duke, & great Northumber-
Who in your ſteede hath Crown'd another.
Mar: another Queene, Sir Thomas wee aliue,
The true immediate heires of our dread Father?
Wia: Nothing more true then that:
Nothing more true then you are the true heire,
Come leaue this Cloyſter and be ſeene abroad,
Your verie ſight will ſtirre the peoples heatts,
and make them cheerely, for Queene Maries crie.
One comfort I can tell you: the tenants of the Dukes
Northumberland and Suffolke denide their ayde,
In theſe vnlawfull armes: to all the Counſell
I denide my hand, and for King Henries Iſſue ſtill will
ſtand.

Mar: Your

Mary: Your Counsel, good sir Thomas, is so pithy
That I am woon so like it.
Wia: Come let vs streight from hence,
From Framingham:
Cheere your spirits.
Ile to the Dukes at Cambridge, and discharge them all:
Prosper me God in these affaires,
I lou'd the Father wel, I lou'd the Sonne,
And for the Daughter I through death will run. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Northumberland, Suffolke, Bret and souldiers.

Nor. wher's Captaine Bret?
Bre: Heere my Lord.
Suff: Are all our numbers full?
Bre: They are my Lord.
Suff: See them arain'd, I will see forward streight.
Nor: Honorable friends, and native peeres,
That haue choſen me to be the leader of theſe martiall troopes, to march againſt the ſiſter
Of our late dead Soueraigne.
Beare witneſſe of my much vnwillingneſſe,
In furthering theſe attemps,
I rather ioy to thinke vpon our ancient victories
Againſt the French and Spaniard,
Whoſe high pride we ſeueld with the waues of brittiſh ſhore
Dying the hauen of Brit. with guiltie blood,
Till all the Harbor ſeem'd a ſanguine poole:
Or we deſire theſe armes, we are now to warre
Gainſt the perfidious northern enemie,
Who trembling at our firſt ſhocke voice and ſight,
Like cowards turn'd their backes with ſhamefull flight
But thoſe rich ſpoiles are paſt: we are now to goe,
Being native friends, againſt a native foe.
In your hands we leaue the Queene elected,
She hath ſeiſure of the Tower,

If you be confident, as you haue sworne
Your selues true liege men to her highnesse
She no doubt, with royall fauour will remunerate
The least of your desertes. Farwell
My teares into your bosomes fall,
With one imbrace I doe include you all.
Arun. My Lord, most lou'd with what a mourning heart
I take your farwell, let the after signes
Of my imployment witnesse I protest,
Did not the sacred person of my Queene,
Whose weale I tender as my soules cheefe blisse,
Vrge my abode, I would not thinke it shame
To traile a pike where you were generall.
But wishes are in vaine, I am bound to stay,
And vrgent businesse calls your grace away.
See, on my knees I humbly take my leaue,
And steep my wordes with teares.
Nor. Kinde Arundell, I bind thee to my loue.
Once more farwell.
Arun. Heauens giue your grace successe.
Commend vs to the Queene, and to your Sonne,
Within one weeke, I hope war will be done.
Bre. Come my Lords, shall vs march. *Exit Northumb.*
Nor: I, I, for Gods sake on.
Tis more then time my friendes, that we were gone.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Treasurer and Porter.

Tre: What ho Porter! open the gate.
Por. I beseech your honour to pardon me,
The Counsell hath giuen strict commaund
Not any shall passe this way.
Tre. Why you idle fellow, am I not sent vppon the Queenes affaires, commanded by the Lords? and know you not that I am Treasurer? come open the Gate, you doe you know not what.
Por. Well my Lord, I doe aduenture on your word,

The Dukes displeasure: all the Counsell boord
Besides, may be my heauie enemies,
But goe a Gods name, I the worst will proue,
And if I die, I die for him I loue.
Tre. I thanke thee, and will warrant thee from death.
Is my Horse ready?
Por: It is my Lord
Tre: Then will I flie this fearefull Counsell boord, Ex-
Por: My heart misgiues me, I haue done amisse, (it *Tre.*
Yet being a Counsellor one of the number
Nothing can prooue amisse.
Now shall I know the worst.
Heere comes my Lord of Arundell.

Enter Arundell.

Arun: Porter, Did the Lord Treasurer passe this way?
Por: But now my gratious Lord.
Arun: Vngratious Villaine, follow,
Bring him backe againe,
If not, by faire meanes bring him backe by force:
And heare you sirra, as you goe, will the Lord Maior and some Aldermen of his Bretheren, and some especiall Citttzens of note, to attend our further pleasures presently. The Treasurer fled: the Duke is but newly arrested, some purpose, on my life, to crosse their plots: weele set strong watches, see Gates and walles well mand: tis ten to one but princely innocence,
Is these strange turmoiles wisest violence.

Enter Winchester, Arundell, and other Lords: the Lord Treasurer kneeling at the Counsell Table.

Arun: Though your attempt, Lord Treasurer be such,
That hath no colour in these troublous times,
But an apparant purpose of reuolt,

From the deceast Kings will, and our degree,
Yet, for you are a Counsellor of note,
One of our number, and of high degree,
Before we any way presume to iudge,
We giue you leaue to speake in your behalfe.
Tre. My Lord, the businesse of these troublous times,
Binding vs al, still to respect the good of common weale:
Yet doth it not debar priuate regard of vs & of our own
The generall weale is treasur'd in your brest,
And all my ablest powers haue bin imployed
To stir them there, yet haue I borne a part,
Laying the commons troubles next my heart,
My ouersight in parting without leaue:
Was no contempt, but onely for an houre.
To order home affaires, that none of mine,
In these nice times should vnto faction clime.
Arn. Nay my good Lord, be plaine with vs, I pray,
Are you not grieu'd that we haue giuen consent
To Lady Ianes election?
Tre. My Lords I am not,
Arun. Speake like a Gentleman, vpon your word
Are you not discontent?
Tre. Troth to be plaine, I am not pleas'd,
That two such princely Maides lineally descended,
From our royall King, and by his testimonie,
Confirmed heyre, if that their Brother dying Issules,
And one that neuer dream't, it neuer desired
The rule of Soueraignetie,
But with virgins teares hath oft bewaild her miserie,
Should politickly by vs be nam'd a Queene.
Arun. You haue said nobly, sit and take your place.

Enter Porter.

Por. My Lords, Sir Thomas Wyat craues accesse vnto your honours.
Arun Let him come neare.

Enter

Enter Wyat.

Por. Roume for Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wiat. A diuine ſpirit teach your honours truth,
Open your eyes of iudgement to beholde
The true Legitimate, Mary your vndoubted ſoueraigne.

Arun: A riſe ſir Thomas, ſit and take your place.
Now to our former buſineſſe:
The obligation wherein we all ſtood bound
To the deceaſed late Kings will and our decree,
His couſen Iane, and the two abſent Dukes
Cannot be conceal'd without great reproach
To vs and to our Iſſue.
We haue ſworn in preſence of the ſacred hoſt of heauen
Vnto our late young Lord, to both the Dukes,
That no impeachment ſhould diuert our heartes
From the impeachment of the Lady Iane.
To this end we haue ceaſed her in the tower,
By publike proclamation made her Queene:
To this end we haue armed the Duke, with power
Giuen them commiſſion vnder our owne handes (net
To paſſe againſt the Lady. You performe in hoſtile ma-
And no doubt, the ſpleene of the vndanted ſpirit
Of Northumbers Earle, will not be called
With writings of repeale.
A duice in this, I holde it better farre
To keepe the courſe we runne then ſeeking change,
Hazard our liues, our heires and the Realmes.

Wiat. In actions roauing from the bent of truth,
We haue no perſident thus to perſiſt
But the bare name of worldly policie.
If others haue ground from Iuſtice, and the law,
As well diuine as politicke agreeing,
They are for no cauſe to be diſinherited.
If you not ſeauen yeares ſince to that effect,
Swore to the Father to maintaine his ſeede,
What diſpenſation hath acquited you

From your firſt ſacred vowes?
Youle ſay, the will extorted from a childe.
O! let mine eyes in naming that ſweete youth,
Obſerue their part,
Powring downe teares, ſent from my ſwelling heart.
Gods mother, I tearme childe? but ile goe on,
Say that the will were his, forced by no tricke,
But for religions loue his ſimple act,
Yet note how much you erre.
You were ſworne before to a mans will,
and not a will alone,
But ſtrengthned by an act of Parliament.
Beſides this ſacred proofe. The Princely Maides,
Had they no will nor act to prooue their right?
Haue birthrights no priuiledge, being a plea ſo ſtrong,
as cannot be refeld, but by plaine wrong?
Now were you toucht. The Lady in tower,
alaſſe ſhee's innocent of my claime.
Truſt me, ſhee'd thinks it a moſte happy life,
To leaue a Queenes, and keepe a Ladies name.
And for the Dukes, your warrants ſent them foorth,
Let the ſame warrant call them backe againe.
If they refuſe to come, the Realme, not they
Muſt be regarded. Be ſtrong and bold:
We are the peoples factors. Saue our Sonnes
From killing one another, be affraide,
To tempt both heanen and earth, ſo I haue ſaid.

Arun: Why then giue order that ſhe ſhall be Queene,
Send for the Maior, her errors wele forget,
Hoping ſhe will forgiue. (derby.

Wiat. Neuer make doubt, ſetting her ceremonious or-
She is pure within, and mildly chaſt without.

Arun: Giue order to keepe faſt the Lady Iane,
Diſſolue the the Counſell. Let vs leaue the Tower,
and in the Citie hold our audience.

Wiat. You haue aduiſed well honorable Lordes,

So

So will the Citizens be wholly outs,
and if the Dukes be crosse, weele crosse their powers.
Enter Bret, Clown & Souldiers. *Exeunt Omnes*
Bret: Lance persado, quarter, quarter,
Clo: What shall we quarter Captaine?
Bret Why the Souldiers?
Clo. Why they are not hang'd nor drawn'e yet?
Bre. Sir I meane quarter them, that the offended multitude, may passe in safetie. (men
Clo. May we not take toules of the pies & the aple-wo-
Bre. Not in any sorte, the Dukes pleasure will passe free.
Clo: The Cõmons shal be vsed with al cõmon curtesie
That goes in rank like beanes and cheese-cakes on their heads in steade of Cappes.
Bre. Sirra, this is a famous Vniuersitie, and those schollers, those lofty buildings and goodly houses,
Founded by noble Patrons. But no more. Set a strong watch. That be your cheefest care.
Enter a Countryman and a Maide.
Man. What's here Souldiers?
Bre. Feare not, good speech, those rude armes I beare,
Ist not to fight? sweet, gentle Peace away,
But to succour your liues, passe peaceably away.
Clo: Crie God saue the Queene as you goe, and God send you a good market. (sense
Mai. God saue the Queene, what Queene? there lies the
When we haue none, it can be no offence. (tooth.
Clo. What carry you there in your basket? *Mai.* Egs for-
Clo. Well, crie God saue Queene Iane as you goe, and God send you a good Market.
Mai. Is the right Queene called Iane? alacke for woe,
at the first she was not christened so. *Exit.*
Bre. Thus olde and young, still descant on her name,
Nor lend no eare, when wee her stile proclaime?
I feare, I feare, Fear Bret, what shouldst thou feare?
Thou hast a brest compos'd of adamant.

Fall

Fall what ill betide, my anchor is caſt,
and I in Harbor ride.

Enter Northumberland and Wyat.

Wia. My Lord tis true, you ſent vnto the Counſell for freſh ſupplies, what ſuccour, what ſupplies? Happie is he can draw his necke out of the coller, and make his peace with Marie.

Nor. How ſtands the Treaſurer addicted to vs?

Wya: I had forgot when we weare at counſell,
He ſtole away, and went home to his houſe,
And by much intreatie was woon to returne,
In briefe they all incline to Queene Mary
My Lord farwell, each haſtie houre.
Will coulder tydings tell. *Exit Wyat*

Nor: Come they in thunder, we will meete with them?
In the loudeſt language that their ordinance ſpeakes,
Ours ſhall anſwere theirs.
Call me a Herald, and in the market place Proclaime
Queene Iane. The ſtreetes are full,
The towne is populous, the people gape for noueltie.
Trumpets ſpeake to them,
That they may anſwere with an echoning crie,
God ſaue Queene Iane, God ſaue her Maieſtie.

A Trumpet ſounds, and no anſwere.

The Herald ſoundes a parlee, and none anſwers.

Nor: Ha? a bare report of Trumpets!
Are the ſlaues horſe, or want they arte to ſpeake?
O me! This Towne conſiſts on famous Colledges,
Such as know both how, and what, and when to ſpeake,
Well, yet wee will proceede,
and ſmother what cloſe enuie hath decreed.
Ambroſe my Sonne, what newes?

Enter Ambroſe.

Amb. O my thrice honoured Father.

Nor: Boy, ſpeake the worſt,
That which ſoundes deadlyeſt, let me heare that firſt.

Arun: The

Amb. The Lords haue all reuolted from your faction

Nor. Wee in our ſelues are ſtrong.

Am: In Baynards Caſtle was a counſell held,
Whether the Maior and Sheriffes did reſort,
And twas concluded to proclaime Queene Mary.

Nor: Then they reuolt the alegeance from my Daughter, and giue it to another:

Am: True my thrice honoured Father,
Beſides, my brother Guilford and his wife
Where ſhe was proclaimde Queene, are now
cloſe Priſoners, namely in the Tower.

Nor: God take them to his mercie, they had neede,
Of grace and patience, for they both muſt bleede,
Poore Innocent ſoules, they both from guilt are free.

Am. O my thrice honoured Father! might I aduiſe you, flie to your manner, there ſtuddie for your ſaftie.

Nor: Boy, thou ſaiſt well,
And ſince the Lords haue all reuolted from me,
My ſelfe will now reuolt againſt my ſelfe.
Call me a Herald to fill their emptie eares,
Aſſiſt me Sonne, my good Lord Huntington,
Euen in this market Towne proclaime Queene Mary.

A trumpet ſoundes a parley, the Herald proclaimes.

He. Mary by the grace of God, Queene of England, France and Ireland, defendres of the Faith. Amen.

Within a ſhoute and a flouriſh.

Nor: Amen, I beare a part,
I with my tongue, I doe not with my heart,
Now they can crie, now they can baule and yell,
Baſe minded ſlaues, ſincke may your ſoules to hell.

Enter Maiſter Rooſe with Letters.

Roo: My honored Lord, the Counſell greetes you with theſe Letters.

Nor. Stay Maiſter Rooſe, ere you depart receiue an anſwere and reward. *He readeth the Letter.*

In the Soueraigne name of Mary our Queene
You ſhal vppon the ſight hereof,
Surceaſe your armes, diſcharge your Souldiers,
And preſently repaire vnto the Court,
Or elſe to be held as an Arch-Traitor.

No. 'Tis ſhort & ſharp, Maiſter Rooſe, we do obey your warrant: but I pray tel mee, how doth all our friendes at Court? is there not a great mortalitie amongſt them? Is there not a number of them deade of late ſince I came thence?

Ro. My gratious Lord not any.

Nor. O maiſter Rooſe it cannot bee, I will aſſure you At my departure thence, I left liuing there at leaſt Fiue hundred friendes, and now I haue not one, ſimply not one: friendes! ha, ha, ha, Commiſſion Thou muſt be my friend.
And ſtand betwixt me and the ſtroake of death,
Were thy date out, my liues date were but ſhort.
They are colde friends, that kils their friendes in ſport.

Am. Heere comes your honoured friend the Earle of Arundell. *Enter Arundell.*

Nor. My honourd friend!

Arun. I am no friend to Traitors: in my moſte high & Princely Soueraignes name,
I doe arreſt your honour of high Treaſon.

Nor. A Traitor Arundell? haue I not your hand in my commiſſion? let me peruſe it: as I take't 'tis heere, and by your warrant haue ſo ſtrict proceeded.
Is the limits of my warrant broke? anſwere me.

Arun. It may be that it hath pleaſed her Maieſtie To pardon vs, and for to punniſh you.
I know no other reaſon, this I muſt,
I am commaunded, and the act is Iuſt.

Nor. And I obey you: when we parted laſt My Lord of Arundel, our farwell was Better then our greeting now.

Then

Then you cride God ſpeede,
Now you come on me ere you ſey take heede:
Then you did owe me your beſt bloods: nay green'd
You could not ſpend them in my ſeruice.
O then it was a double death to ſtay behinde,
But I am ouerwoke and you are kinde,
I am, beſhrew you elſe, but I ſubmit,
My crime is great, and I muſt anſwere it.

Arun. You muſt with your three Sons, be guarded ſafe
Vnto the Tower: with you, thoſe Lords and Knights
That in this faction did aſſociate you,
For ſo I am inioyn'd.
Then peaciuely, let vs conduct you thither.

Nor. O my Children! my ſoule weepes endleſſe teares for you.
O at the generall Seſſions, when all ſoules
Stand at the bar of Iuſtice,
And hold vp their new immortalized handes,
O then let the remembrance of their tragick endes
Be raced out of the bed-rowle of my ſinnes:
When ere the black booke of my crime's vnclaſpt,
Let not theſe ſcarlet Letters be found there:
Of all the reſt, onely that page be cleere.
But come to my arraignement, then to death,
The Queene and you haue long aim'd at this head,
If to my Children, ſhe ſweet grace extend,
My ſoule hath peace, and I imbrace my end. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Suffolke.

Suff. Three daies are paſt, Monday, Tueſday and Wedneſday too
Yet my proteſting ſeruant is not come.
Himſelfe conducted me to this hard lodging,
A ſimple Cabin, for ſo great a Prince,
And then he ſwore, but oathes you ſee are vaine,
That he would hourely come and viſite me:
I that was wont, to ſurfeit in eſtate,
Am now through hunger almoſt deſolate.

Enter Homes sweating with bottell and Bag.

Hoom. My Lord.
Suff: Ned Homes, speake hast thou brought me meate?
Hom: With much a doe my Lord, meat, bread & wine,
While you refresh your selfe, I will recorde
The cause of my long stay.
Suff. I prethee doe, neede bids me eate,
Neede bids me heare thee too.
Hom. The night I left you in the hollow tree
My house was searched.
Suff, Goe on, goe on.
Hom: And I no sooner entred but attached,
Threatned the Rack: and if I did not yeeld
Your gracious selfe into their graceless hands.
Suff: And thou hast don't, thou hast betraied me.
Hom. Done it! o betraie you? O noe!
First would I see my loued wife and Children
Murdered, and tos'd on speares, before I would
Deliuer your grace vnto their handes,
For they intend your death.
Suff: Goe on, goe on.
Hom: and offer'd a thousand Crownes to him that can
Bring newes of your abode, twas offer'd in my hands.
Which I beseech may stop my Vitall breath,
When I am feede with golde to worke your death.

Enter Sheriffe and Officers.

Sher: See yonder sits the Duke.
Suff: I kisse thee in requitall of this loue.
Hom: and in requitall of so great a grace,
I kisse your hand that dares to kisse my face.
Sher: So Iudas kist his Maister: ceaze the Duke.
Suff: Ah me! Ned Homes we are vndone.
Both thou and I betraide.

Sher, My

She. My Lord, late Duke of Suffolke, in her highnesse
name I doe arrest you of high Treason.
Suff: I doe obey, and onely craue this kindnesse,
You would be good vnto my Seruant Homes,
Where in releeuing me, hath but performde
The duetie of a seruant to his Lord.
She. You are deceiu'd sir in your seruant much,
Hee is the man that did betray you.
Heere Maister Homes, towards your thousand pounds,
Heere is a hundred markes,
Come to the Exchequer, you shall haue the rest.
Suff: Hast thou betraide me? yet with such a tongue,
so smoothly oilde, slight of my dangers feare,
O break my heart, this griefe's too great to beare.
Ho: Pardon me my Lord.
Suff: God pardon thee, and lay not to thy soule
This greeuous sinne: Farwell.
And when thou spendest this ill got golde
Remember how thy Maisters life was soldes
Thy Lord that gaue thee Lordships, made thee great,
Yet thou betraidst him as he sat at meate.
On to my graue, tis time that I were dead,
When he that held my heart betraies my head.
Hom. O God, O God, that euer I was borne,
This deede hath made me (slaue) to abiect scorne.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo: O poore shrimpe, how art thou falne away for want of mouching? O Colen cries out most tirannically, the little gut hath no mercie, whats heere victailes? O rare! O good! Feede chops, drinke throate; good victailes makes good blood.

Enter Homes with a Halter about his necke.

But stay, whose heere? more Sheriffes, more searchers? O no, this is Homes that betraide his honest Maister,

How

How, with a Halter about his necke? I hope hee doth not meane to hang himselfe: ile step a side.

Ho. This is the place, where I betraide my Lord,
This is the place where oft I haue releeu'd:
and villaine I, betraide him to the lawes of death,
But heere before I further will proceede
Heere will I burie this inticing gould,
Lye there damn'd fiend neuer serue humaine more,

Clot. This is rare, now in this moode hee would hang himselfe twere excellent.

Ho: Shall I aske mercie? no it is too late,
Heauen will not heare, and I am desperate.

He strangles himselfe.

Clo: So, so, a very good ending, would all false Seruants might drinke of the same sauce.
Gold, you are first mine, you must helpe
To shift my selfe into some counterfeite suite
Of apparel, and then to London:
If my olde Maister be hanged, why so
If not, why rusticke and lustickes
Yet before I goe, I doe not care if I throwe this Dog in a Ditch: come away dissembler: this cannot chuse but be a hundred pound it waies so heauy.

Enter Queene *Mary*, *Winchester*, *Norfolke*, *Pembroke*, *Wiat*, *Arundell*, *Attendants*.

Mary. By Gods assistance, and the power of heauen,
after our Troubles we are safely set,
In our inheritance, for which we doe subscribe
The praise and benefit to God, next thankes
To you my Lordes. Now shall the sanctuaries
And the house of the most high be newly built.
The ancient honours due vnto the Church,

Buried

Buried within the Ruine Monasteries,
Shall lift their stately heads, and rise againe
To astonish the destroyers wandring eyes.
Zeale shall be deckt in golde,
Religion not like a virgin robd of all her pompe,
But briefly shining in her Iemmes of state,
Like a faire bride be offerd to the Lord.
To build large houses, pull no churches downe,
Rather inrich the Temple with our crowne.
Better a poore Queene, then the Subiects poore.

Win. May it please your grace to giue release
Vnto such ancient Bishops that haue lost their
Honours in the church affaires.

Mar. We haue giuen order to the Duke of Norfolke to release them.

Arun: Your sacred Highnesse will no doubt be minded
full of the late Oath you tooke at Framingam

Mar. O my Lord of Arundell, wee remember that,
But shall a Subiect force his Prince to sweare
Contrarie to her conscience and the Law?
Wee heere release vnto our faithfull people,
one intire Subsidie,
Due vnto the Crowne in our dead Brothers daies.
The Commonaltie shal not be oreburdned
In our reigne, let them be liberall in Religion,
and wee will spare their treasure to themselues:
Better a poore Prince then the Nation poore,
The Subiects Treasure, is the Soueraignes store.

Arun. What is your Highnesse pleasure about the Rebels?

Mar. The Queene-like Rebels,
Meane you not Queene Iane?

Arun: Guilford and Iane, with great Northumberland,
and hauty Suffolkes Duke.

Mar. The Duke of Suffolke is not yet apprehended,
Therefore my Lords,

Some

Some of you moſt deare to vs in loue,
Be carefull of that charge:
The reſt weele leaue for tryall of the other priſoners.
Wia. The Lady Iane moſt mightie Soueraigne,
Alyde to you in blood: for ſhes the
Daughter of your Fathers Siſter.
Mary the Queene of France: Charles Brandons
Wife your Neece, your next of blood, except your ſiſter,
Deſerues ſome pittie, ſo doth youthfull Guilford.
Win. Such pittie as the law alowes to Traitors.
Norf. They were miſled by their ambitious Fathers,
Win. What Sonne to obey his Father proues a Traitor,
Muſt buy their diſobedience with their death.
Wia. My Lord of Winchester, ſtill thirſts for blood.
Mar. Wiat no more, the law ſhall be their Iudge,
Mercie to meane offenders weele offend,
Not vnto ſuch that dares vſurpe our Crowne.
Arun. Count Edmond the Embaſſador from Spaine,
attends your highneſſe anſwere, brought thoſe
Letters ſent from the Emperor
In his Sonnes behalfe.
Mar. In the behalfe of louely Princely Philip,
Whoſe perſon wee haue ſhrined in our heart:
at the firſt ſight of his delightfull picture
That picture ſhould haue power to tingle
Loue in Royall breſts: the Dartes of loue are wordes, pictures, conceite, heele preualle by any,
Your counſell Lords about this forraine buſineſſe.
Arun. I ſay and it like your royall Maieſtie,
a royall treatie, and to be confirm'd,
and I alowe the match.
Win. Alow it Lordes, we haue cauſe
To thanke our God, that ſuch a mightie Prince
as Phillip is, Sonne to the Emperor,
Heire to wealthy Spaine, and many ſpacious
Kingdomes, will vouchſafe——

Wiat. Vouch-

Wia. Vouchsafe my Lord of Winchester, pray what?

Win. To grace our mightie Soueraigne with his honourable Title.

Wia. To marrie with our Queene: meane you not so?

Win. I doe, what then?

Wiat. O God is shee a beggar, a forsaken Maide, that she hath neede of grace from forraine princes? By Gods deare mother, O God pardon I sweare I, Me thinkes she is a faire and lovely Prince, Her onely beautie (were she of meane birth) Able to make the greatest Potentate, I the great Emperor of the mightie Cham, That hath more Nations under his Commaund, Then spanish Philip's like to inherrit townes, To come and lay his Scepter at her feet, And to intreate her to vouchsafe the grace To take him and his Kingdome to her mercy.

Win. Wyat you are too hot.

Wiat. And you to proude, vouchsafe? O base! I hope sheele not vouchsafe to take the Emperors sonne to her deare mercie.

Mar. Proceede my Lord of Winchester I pray.

Win. Then still I say, we haue cause to thanke our God, That such a mighty Prince will looke so lowe, As to respect this Iland and our Queene.

Wiat. Pardon me Madam, shee respect your Iland more then your person: thinke of that.

Nor. Wiat, you wrong the affection of the Prince, For he desires noe fortrises nor townes, Nor to beare any office, rule or state, Either by person or by substitute,

Nor yet himselfe to be a Counsellor in our affaires.

Wint. What needeth hee (Noble Lords) to aske the fruite, when he demaundes the tree?
No Castle, fortrises, nor Towers of strength,
It bootes not, when the chiefest Tower of all
The key that opens vnto all the Land.
I meane our Gratious Soueraigne must be his,
But he will beare no office in the land,
And yet will marry with the Queene of all.
Nor be of counsell in the Realmes affaires,
And yet the Queene inclosed in his armes:
I doe not like this strange marriage.
The Fox is suttle, and his head once in
The slender body easily will follow.
I grant, he offers you in name of dowre,
The yearely summe of threescore thousand Ducats.
Besides, the seuenteene famous Prouinces,
And that the heire succeeding from your loynes,
Shall haue the Souereigne rule of both the Realmes.
What, shall this moue your Highnesse to the match?
Spaine is too farre for England to inherit,
But England neare enough for Spaine to woe.

Win. Has not the Kinges of England (good Sir Thomas)
Espous'd the Daughters of our Neighbour Kinges?

Wint. I graunt, your predecessors oft haue sought
Their Queene from France,
And sometimes to from Spaine.
But neuer could I heare that England yet
Has bin so base, to seeke a King from either

Tis policie deare Queene, no loue at all.
Win. Tis loue great Queene, no pollicie at all.
Wiat. Which of you all, dares iuſtifie this match,
And not be toucht in conſcience with an oath?
Remember, O remember I beſeech you,
King Henries laſt will, and his act at Court,
I meane that royall Court of Parliament,
That does prohibit Spaniards from the Land,
That Will and Act, to which you all are ſworne,
And doe not damme your ſoules with periurie.
Mary. But that wee knowe thee Wyat to be true
Vnto the Crowne of England and to vs,
Thy ouer-boldneſſe ſhould bee payde with death.
But ceaſe, for feare your liberall tongue offend,
With one conſent my Lordes you like this match?
Omnes. We doe great Soueraigne.
Mary. Call in Count Edmond Honorable Lords.

Enter Edmond.

Wee haue determined of your Ambaſſie,
and thus I plight our loue to Philips heart,
Imbarke you ſtraight, the winde blowes wondrous faire:
Till he ſhall land in England, I am all care.

Exeunt all but Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wia. And ere hee land in England, I will offer
My loyall breſt for him to treade vpon.
O who ſo forward Wyat as thy ſelfe,
To raiſe this troubleſome Queene in this her Throane?
Philip is a Spaniard, a proud Nation,
Whome naturally our Countrie men abhorre.
Aſſiſt me gratious heauens, and you ſhall ſee
What hate I beare vnto their Slauerie.
Ile into Kent, there muſter vp my friendes,
To ſaue this Countrie, and this Realme defend.

Exit Sir Thomas Wyat.

Enter Guilford, Dudley, Iane, and Lieftenant.

Guil. God morrow to the Patron of my woe.
Iane. God morrowe to my Lord, my louely Dudley.
Why dooe your looke ſo ſad my dereſt Lord?
Guil. Nay why doth Iane, thus with a heauie eye,
And a defected looke, ſalute the day?
Sorrow doth ill become thy ſiluer brow,
Sad griefe lyes dead, ſo long as thou liues fayre,
In my Ianes ioy, I doe not care for care.
Iane. My lookes (my loue) is ſorted with my heart,
The Sunne himſelfe, doth ſcantly ſhow his face,
Out of this firme grate, you may perceiue the Tower-Hill
Thronged with ſtore of people,
As if they gap'd for ſome ſtrange Noueltie.
Guil. Though ſleepe doe ſildome dwell in men of care,
Yet I did this night ſleepe, and this night dream't,

My

My Princely father great (Northumberland)
Was married to a stately Bride,
And then me thought, iust on his Bridall day,
A poysoned draught did take his life away.
Iane. Let not fond visions so appale my Loue,
For dreames doe oftentimes contrarie prooue.
Guil. The nights are teadious, and the daies are sad,
And see you how the people stand in heapes,
Each man sad, looking on his apoised obiect,
As if a generall passion possest them?
Their eyes doe seeme, as dropping at the Moone,
As if prepared for a Tragedie.
For neuer swarmeth people there doe tread,
But to rob life, and to inrich the dead
And shewe they wept.
Lief. My Lord they did so, for I was there.
Gui. I pra'y resolue vs good Maister Lieftenant
Who was it yonder, that repeate dyr his life
To natures death?
Lief. Pardon me my Lord, tis felony to acquaint
you with death of any Prisoner, yet to resolue
your grace, it was your Father, great Northumber-
land, that this day lost his head.
Guil. Peace rest his soule, his sinnes be buried in his
graue,
And not remembred in his Epitaph but who comes
here?
Iane. My Father Prisoner!

Enter Suffolke guarded further.

Suff. O Iane! now naught but feare thy Tytle &
thy state,

Thou now must leaue for a small grave.
Had I bin contented to a bin great, I had stood,
But now my rising, is puld downe with blood.
Farwell, poinct me my house of prayers.

Lane. Is greefe so short? twa's wont to be full of wordes,
Tis true, but now Deathes lesson, bids a coulde adue.
Farwell, thus friendes on desperate iourneys parte,
Breaking of wordes with teares, that swelles the heart. *Exit Suffolke.*

Lieu: It is the pleasure of the Queene that you part lodgings.
Till your Arraignement, which must be to morrow.

Lane: Good Maister Lieftenant: let vs pray together.

Lief. Pardon me Madam I may not, they that owe you sway me.

Guil: Intreate not Lane, though thee our bodies part,
Our soules shall meete. Farwell my loue.

Lane. My Dudley, my owne heart. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Wyat with Souldiers.

Wiat: Hold Drumme, stand Gentlemen,
Giue the word along: stand, stand,
Maisters, friendes, Souldiers, and therefore Gentlemen,
I know some of you weare warme purses
Linde with golde, to them I speake not,
But to such leane knaues that cannot put vp
Crosses, thus I say, sir ha ye valiant ye!
And by the mary God, you that haue all,

Your

Your life time siluer lackt,
Shall now get Crownes, marry they must be crackt.
Sol: No matter, weele change them for white money.
Wiat: But it must needs be so, deare Countriemen,
For Souldiers are the maisters of warres mint,
Blowes are the stamps, they set vpon with bullets,
And broken pates are when the braines lye spilt:
These light crownes, that with bloode are double guilt,
But thats not all, that your stout hearts shall earne,
Sticke to this glorious quarrell, and your names
Shall stand in Chronicles ranck'd euen with Kings.
You free your Countrie from base spanish thrall,
From Ignominious slauerie,
Who can disgest a Spaniard, that's a true Englishman?
Sol: Would he might choake that disgests him.
Wiat: Hee that loues freedome and his Countrie,
Crie a Wyat: he that will not, with my heart
Let him stand foorth, shake handes,
And weele depart.
Sol: A Wyat, a Wyat, a Wyat.
Enter Norry sounding a Trumpet.
Har: Forbeare, or with the breath thy Trumpet spends,
This shall let foorth thy soule.
Nor: I am a Herald, and chalenge safetie
By the lawe of armes.
Har: So shalt thou when thou art lawfully imploide
Wia: What loude knaues that?
Nor: No knaue Sir Thomas, I am a true man
to my Queene, to whome thou art a Traytor.
Sol: Knocke

Sol. Knocke him downe.

Wil. Knocke him downe, ſie no,
Weele handle him, he ſhall ſound before he goe.

Har. Hee comes from Norfolke and thoſe fawning Lords, in Maries name, waying our life to them that will with baſeneſſe burie it.
Ceaze on him as a pernitious enemie.

Wil. Sir George be rulde,
Since we profeſſe the Arte of Warre,
Let vs not be hott at forreigne reare,
Hee ſhall paſſe and repaſſe, juggle the beſt he can,
Leade him into the Citie. Nowy ſet foorth
Set foorth thy braſen throate, and call the Rochelles
About their eares, do thy office, fill their
Light heads with proclamations, doe,
Catch Fooles with Lime-twigs dipt with pardons.
But Sir George and good Sir Harry I ſhey
If this Gallant open his mouth too wide,
Powder the Varlet, piſtoll him, fire the Roofe that's
on his mouth.
He craues the law of Armes, and he ſhall haue it,
Teach him our law, to cut's throate if he prate.
If lowder reach thy Proclamation,
The Lord haue mercie vpon thee.
No Sir Thomas, I muſt doe my office.

Har. Come, y'ettle doe cuts too.

Wil. I, I, doe, blowe thy ſelfe hence *Exit Harper.*
Whorſon proud Herrald, becauſe he can giue armes, he thinkes to eat vs off by the elbowes.
Maiſters and fellow Souldiers, ſay, will you leaue old Tom Will?

Omnes. No, no, no!

Wil. A March as Norfolkes Drum vpon my life,
I pra'y

Ipsa'y see what Drumming
Wiat: hastie arme.
The word is giuen, arme, arme flies through the camp
As loude, though not so full of dread as thunder:
For noman's cheekes looke pale, but euerie face,
Is lifted vp aboue his foremans head,
And euerie Souldier does on tip-toe stand,
shaking a drawne sword in his threatning hand.
Wiat: At whome, at whose Drum?
Rod: At Norfolke, Norfolkes Drum:
With him comes Arundell, you may behold
The silken faces of their ensignes showe,
Nothing but wrinkles straying in the winde,
Norfolke rides formostly, his crest well known:
Proud, as if all our heads were now his owne.
Wiat: Soft, he shall pay more for them.
Sir Robert Rodston, bring our Musketeers,
To flanche our Pikes, let all our archery,
Fall off in wings of shot, both sides of the van,
To gall the first Horse of the enemie
That shall come fiercely on:
Our Canoneers, bid them to charge, charge my Lords,
Omnes. Charge, charge.
Wiat: Saint George for England, Wiat for poore
Kent,
Blood lost in Countries quarrell, so nobly spent.
Isely: Base Iane, hard hearted fugitiue,
He that you sent with Nonny, false sir George
Is fled to Norfolke.
Rod: Sir George Harper fled?
Wiat: I more thought better of a Countertenite,
His name was Harper, was it not? let him goe,
Hencefoorth all Harpers for his sake shall stand,
But for plaine nine pence, throughout all the land.

They come, no man giue ground in these hot cases,
Be Englishmen and bend them to their faces. *Exeunt*

Enter Norfolke, Arundell, Bret and Souldiers.

Norf. Yonder the Traitor marcheth with no steele bowe.
Bent on his Soueraigne, and his kingdomes peace:
To waue him to vs with a flag of truce,
And tender him soft mercie,
Were to call our right in question.
Therefore put in ure your resolute intendiments,
If rebellion be suffered to take head,
She liues too long, treason doth swarme,
Therefore giue signall to the fight.

Bret. Tis good, it good my Lord.

Norf. Where's Captaine Bret?

Br. Heere my Lord.

Norf. To doe honour to you and those fiue hundred Londoners that march after your colours,
You shall charge the Traitor in the Vantgard,
Whilst my selfe with noble Arundell
And stout Iarningam, second you in the maine,
God and Saint George, this day fight on our side,
While thus we tame a desperate Rebels pride.

Exit all but Bret and souldiers.

Br. Countrimen and friendes,
And you the moste valiant sword and Buckler-Men of London, the Duke of Norfolk in honour hath promoted you to the Vangard, and why to be Vangard? but because he knowes you to be angerborn, marttall men, men of good stomacke, verie hot spurs, verie actious for valour, such as scorne to shrink for a wetting, who will beare off any thing with head and shoulders.

Omn. Well forwards, good commander forwards.

Bre. I am to lead you, & whether? to fight: and with whome? with Wyat: and what is Wyat? a moste famous and Arch-Traytor, to nobody by this hand that I knowe.

Omnes. Nay, speake out good Captaine.

Bret. I say again, is worthy Norfolke gone?

Omnes. I, I, gone, gone.

Bre. I say agen, that Wyat forsaking thus, In armes within the Kentishmens dangling thus at his taile, is worthy to be hang'd like a Thiefe in the Kingdomes eare, say I, will my Leades.

Omnes. Forwards, forwards.

Bret. And who so findes the head off his head shall haue for his labour

Clot. What shall I haue the head for?

Bret. The pox, the plague, and all the diseases, the Spittle-houses and Hospitalles can throwe vpon him.

Clo. He not doe't, I am flat.

Bre. And wherefore is Wyat vp?

Clot. Because he may not keepe his bed.

Bre. No, Wyat is vp to keepe the Spaniards down, to keepe King Phillip out, whose comming in will giue the Land such a Phillip, will make it reele again.

Clot. A would it were come to that, wee would, wee would leaue off Philips and fall to Hob, nobbles.

Bret. Philip is a Spaniard, and what is a Spaniard?

Clot. A Spaniard is no Englishman that I knowe.

Bret. Right a Spaniard is a Camocho, a Callimanco, nay which is worse, a Dondego, and what is a Dondego?

Clo. A Dondego is a kinde of Spanish Stockfish, or poore Iohn.

Bret. No, a Dondego is a desperate Viliago, a very Castilian, God blesse vs. There came but one Dundego into England, & hee made all Paules shincke again, what shall a whole army of Dondegoes doe my sweete Countriemen?

Clo. Marry they will make vs all smell abhominably, hee comes not heere chaps flat.

Bret. A Spaniard is cald so, because hee's a Spaniard his yard is but a span.

Clo. That's the reason our English women loue them not.

Bret. Fight, for the carle's not the Englishmans friend about him, if you deale with him looke for hard intreasure: if you giue an inch hee'le take an ell, I'll hee giue an ell, hee'le take a mile. Therefore my fine, spruce, dapper, finicall, fellowes, if ye loue your honors, or euer haue alwaies bin, counted politique Londiners, take part to the stronger side, leave Arithmetike, leave Nothing, and loue Bret.

Clo. Weele fling our flat Caps at them.

Bret. Weare your owne Neate-leather shooes, Scotish Spanish Leather, cry a fig for the Spaniards (saide I) well bollies.

Omnes. I, I, I.

Bret. Why then flat, flat, and euerie man dye at his foote, that cries not a Wyat, a Wyat.

Omnes. A Wyat, Wyat, a Wyat.

Enter Wyat.

Wiat. Sweete muskes, Gallant fellow-Londiners.

Clo. Yfaith

Cle. Yfaith we are the Mad-caps, we are the licke-pennies.

Wiat. You shall be all Lord Maiores at least,

Exeunt Wyat, Bret, and Souldiers.

Alarum sounded, and enter Wyat, Bret, Rodston, Iseh, and Souldiers again.

Wiat. Those eight hostes peeces shall doe service now against their Maisters Norfolke and Arundell, They may thank their heeles more then their hands for sauing of their liues, When souldiers turne surueyors and measure Lands, God helpe poore farmers. Souldiers and friendes, let vs all play nimble bloud-Houndes, and hunt them step by step, We heare the Lawyers plead in Armour steede of Gownes, if they fall out about the cases they lay, Then they may cuffe each other from the Barre. Soft, this is Ludgate, stand aloofe, in knott.

He knocks.

Enter Pembroke vpon the Walles.

Pem. Who knockes?

Wiat. A Wyat, a true friend, Open your gates, you louing Citizens, I bring you freedome from a forraine Prince, The Queene has heard your suite, And tis her pleasure the Cittie gates, Stand open to receiue vs.

Pem. Auaunt thou Traitor, thinkest thou by forgerie To enter London with rebellious armes?

Know that these gates are bard against thy entrance
And it shall cost the liues of twentie thousand true
subiects to the Queene before a Traytor enters.

Omnes: Shoote him through.

Wia: Stay, lets know him first.

Clo: Kill him, then let vs know him afterwards.

Pem: Looke on my face, and blushing, see with
shame, thy treasons Characterd.

Bre: Tis the Lord Pembroke.

Wiat: What haue wee to doe with the Lord Pem-
broke, wheres the Queenes Lieftenant?

Pem: I am Lieftenant of the Citie now.

Wiat: Are you Lord Maior?

Pem: The greatest Lord that breathes enters not
heere, without expresse command from my deare
Queene.

Wiat. She commaundes hy vs.

Pem: I doe commaund thee in her highnesse name,
To leaue the Citties gates, or by my honour,
A peece of ordinance shall be straite discharged,
To be thy deathes man, & shoote thee to thy graue.

Wya. Then heer's no entrance.

Pemb: No, none. *Exit Pembroke.*

Bre: What should wee doe following Wyat anye
longer.

Wiat. O London, London, thou perfidious Town,
Why hast thou broke, thy promise to thy friend?
That for thy sake, and for thy generall sake,
Hath thrust my selfe into the mouth of danger?
March backe to Fleet-streete, if that Wyat die,
London vniustlie, buy thy treacherie.

Bre: Would I could steale away from Wyat, it should
be the first thing that I would doe,

Heare they all steale away from Wyat and leaue him alone.

Wyat: Where's

Wia. Where's all my Souldiers, what all gone,
And left my Drum and colours without guard?
O infilicitie of carefull men!
Yet will I sell my honoured blood as deere,
As euer did faithfull subiect to his Prince. *Exit Wyat.*

Enter Norfolke & Iseley.

Isl. Pembroke reuolts, and flies to Wyats side.
Norf. Hee's damb'd in hell that speakes it.

Enter Harper.

Isl: O my good Lord! 'tis spred,
That Pembroke, and Count Arundell both are fled.

Enter Pembroke and Arundell.

Pem: Sfoote who said so? what diuil dares sturre my patience? zwounds I was talking with a route of vagabonds that lagd at Wiats taile, and am I thus paide for my paines?

Norf. And there being mist, some villaine finding you out of sight hath raisde this slander on you, but come my Lord.

Pem. Hence fight.

Norf: Nay sweete Earle.

Pem. Zounds fight, and heare my name dishonoured?

Arun. Wiat is marcht downe Fleete-streete: after him.

Pem. Why doe not you, and you, pursue him?

Norf. If

Norfol. If I ſtrike one blowe may my hand fall off.

Pem. And if I doe by this——

Norf. Conclude your ſwearing.
Did not countries care vrge me to this quarrell
For my part I would not ſtrike a blowe.

Pem. No more would I, ile eate no wrongs,
Let's all die, and ile die.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Stand on your Guard, for this way Wyat is perſude a maine.

A great noiſe, follow.

Enter Wyat with his ſword drawne being wounded.

Within. Follow, follow.

Nor. Stand Traitor ſtand, or thou ſhalt nere ſtand more.

Wia. Lords I yeeld, an eaſie conqueſt tis to win the field,
After al's loſt I am wounded, let me haue a ſurgion,
that I may goe found vnto my graue.
Tis not the name of Traitor pauls me,
Nor pluckes my weapon from my hand.
Vſe me how you can, though you ſay Traitor,
I am a Gentleman.
Your dreadfull ſhaking me, which I defie,
Is a poore loſſe of life, I wiſh to die,
Death fright not my ſpirit, no more then can my bed,
Nor will I change one haire, looſing this head.

Pem. Come guard him, guard him.

Wia. No

Wiat. No matter where
I hope for nothing, therefore nothing feare.
Exit Omnes.

Enter Winchester, Norfolke, Arundell, Pembroke, with other Lords.

Win. My Lord of Norfolke, will it please you sit
By you the noble Lord of Arundell,
Since it hath pleasde her sacred Maiestie,
To nominate vs heere Commissioners:
Let vs without all partialitie be open eard,
To what they can alledge: where's the Lieftenant of
the Tower?
Enter Liefetenant of the Tower.
Lieft. Heere my good Lord.
Win. Fetch foorth the prisoners,
Place them seuerally in chaires of state,
Clarke of the Crowne [illegible] as law requires,
[illegible]
Clark: Guilford Dudley, hold vp thy hand at the
barre.
Guil. [illegible]
And would to God, this hand [illegible] the new,
Might haue attaind [illegible] place,
For Englands good, and for my Soueraignes weale.
Clark, Iane Gray, Lady Iane Gray,
Hould vp thy hand at the Barre.
Iane: A hand as pure from Treasons innocence,

At the white linerie, worne by the Angels in their makers sight.

Clarke. Youare heere indited by the names of Guilford Dudly, Lord Dudley; Lane Gray, Lady Lane Grey, of Capitall and high Treason, against our moste Soueraigne Lady the Queenes Maiestie.

That is to say, that you Guilford Dudley, and Ladye Lane Gray, haue by all possible meanes sought to procure vnto your selues, the Royaltie of the Crowne of England, to the disinheriting of our new Soueraigne Lady the Queenes Maiestie, the true and lawfull issue to that famous King Henrie the eight, and haue manifestly adorned your selues with the states Garland imperiall, and haue graunted Warrants, Commissions, and such like, for leuying of men and Souldiers to bee sent against the saide maiestie: what answere you to this Indictment, guiltie or not guiltie?

Guil. Our answere shall be seuerall like our seuerall Yet Noble Sirs, must confesse our liuerance, May we not make some Apologie vnto the Court

Norf. It is against the order of the Law, therfore directly ye plead vnto the Indictment, and then you shall be heard.

Guil. Against the law?

Words, vttered in good intent, can neuer euill,
For what I say, I say it vnder your fauour,
And you will follow the law and iustice,

Norf. Speake, are you guiltie of the crimes or not

Lane. Ile answere first Lord, and I am next,
But should we stand vnto the last vnguilty?

You haue large conscience I see to beautifie
The fairest browe with stile of Treacherie.
Norf. The Barons of the Land shall be your
Iurie.
Lan. An honorable and worthy Tryall,
And God forbid, so many Noblemen
Should be made guiltie of our Timelesse deathes.
Arun. Yeelde and answere to the Indictment, will you
not?
Guil. My Lord I will, I am
Norf. What, are you guiltie or noe?
Guil. If my vnguiltie will, yet I am guiltie,
Lan. Slander not thy selfe,
If there be any guiltie was I,
I was proclaimde Queene, & the Crowne should
weare.
Guil. Because I was thy Husband I stand heere.
Lan. Our loues wee sought our safetie, but not our
pride,
And shall our fathers faults our liues deuide?
Guil. It was my father that made thee distrest,
Lan. O but for mine, my Guilford had been
blest.
Guil. My Lane had been as fortunate as faire,
Lan. My Guilford free from this soule-greeuing
care.
Guil. If wee bee guiltie, tis no fault of ours,
And shall wee die, for what was in our powers?
We sought no Kingdome, we desired no Crowne,
It was impos'de vpon vs by constraine,
Like goulden fruite hung on a barren Tree,
And will you count such forcement treacherie?
Then make the silver Thames,

As blacke as Sicke: becauſe it was conſtraind to
beare the bankes, whoſe battering ſtubbornes
ſhould haue bin imploid againſt the hinderers of our
Royaltie.

Wint. You talke of ſenceleſſe things.

Guil. Doe's Trees want ſence, that by the power
of muſick, haue bene drawn to dance a pleaſing mea-
ſure, wilde come then neere vnto liuing things, ſay
wee vſurpe the Engliſh Royaltie, wait not by your
I tel you Lords, I haue your hands to ſhow, (conſents
Subſcrib'd to the Commiſſion of my father,
By which, you did authorice him to wage armes,
If they were Rebellious againſt your Soueraigne.
Who cride ſo loude as you, God ſaue Queene Iane?
And come you now your Soueraigne to arraigne?
Come downe, come downe, here at a Priſoners barre
Better doe ſo, then iudge your ſelues amiſſe,
For looke what ſentence, vpon our heads you lay,
Vpon your owne, may light another day.

Win. The Queene hath pardon'd them.

Guil. And wee muſt die, for a leſſe fault,
O partiallitie!

Iane. Patience my Guilford, it was euer knowne,
They that finde leaſt, the puniſhment haue borne.

Gui. True, my faire Queene of ſorrowe truely
Great men like great Flies, (ſpeake.
Through lawes Cobwebs breake,
But the thinſt frame, the priſon of the weake.

Nevil. Now truſt me Arundell
It doth grieue mee much, to ſit
In iudgement of theſe harmleſſe

Arun. I helpt to attaint the Father, but the ſonne
O through my blood, I feele compaſſion
Run my Lords, weele be humble ſuters to the Queen

to

to saue these innocent creatures from their deathes.

Norf. Lets breake vp Court,
If Norfolke long should stay,
In teares and passion, I should melt away.

Winc. Sit still, what will you take compassion vpon such? they are Heritickes.

Lane. VVe are Christians,
Leaue our conscience to our selues:
VVe stand not heere about Religious causes
But are accused of Capitall Treason.

Winc. Then you confesse the inditement.

Guil. Euen what you will,
Yet saue my Lane, although my blood you spill.

Lane. If I must die, saue Princely Guilfords life.

Norf. Who is not moou'd, to see this louing strife?

Arun. Pray pardon me, doe what you will to day,
And ile approue it though it be my death.

Winc. Then heare the speedy sentence of your deathes,
You shall be carried to the place from whence you came, from thence vnto the place of Execution, through London to be drawne on Hurdles,
Where thou Lane Gray shalt suffer death by fire,
Thou Guilford Dudley hang'd and quartered,
So Lord haue mercie vpon you.

Guil. VVhy this is well, since we must die,
That wee must die together.

VVinc. Stay and heere the mercie of the Queene,
Because you are of noble parentage,
Although the crime of your offence be greate,
Shee is onely pleased that you shall—

Both Will shee pardon vs?

VVinc. Only I say that you shall loose your heads
Vpon the Tower-Hill, so conuey them hence Leife-

tenant strictly looke vnto your charge.
Guil. Our doomes are knowne,
Our liues haue plaide their parte,
Farwell my Iane.
Iane. My Dudley, mine owne heart.
Guil. Faine would I take a ceremonious leaue,
But that's to die a hundred thousand deathes:
Lest I cannot speake for teares.
Lif. My Lord, come.
Guil. Great griefes speake lowder
When the least are dumb'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Thomas Wyat in the Tower.

Wyat. The sad aspect, this prison doth affoord,
Iumpes with the meditation that my heart dooth keepe,
And this inclosure here, of naught but stone,
Yeildes far more comfort then the stony hearts
Of them that wrong'd their country, and their friend.
Heere is no periur'd Counsellors to sweare
A sacred oath, and then forsweare the same,
No innouators heere, doth harbor keepe,
A stedfast silence, doth possesse the place,
In this the Tower is nobly being bad.

Enter Lords to Wyat.

Nor. Sir Thomas Wyat.
Wyat. Thats my name indeede.
Win. You should say Traitor.
Wiat. Traitor and Wyats name,
Differ as farre as Winchester and honor.

Win. I

Wint. I am a Piller of the Mother Church.
Wint. And what am I?
Win. One that subuerts the state.
Wint. Insult not too much ore th' vnfortunate,
I haue no Bishoppes Rochet to declare my innocencie,
This is my crosse, that causelesse
I must suffer my heads losse.
When that house comes, wherein my blood is spilt,
My crosse will looke as bright as yours twice guilt.
Norfo. Here's for that purpose.
Wint. Is your grace so short?
Belike you come to make my death a sport.
Win. We come to bring you to your execution,
You must be hang'd and quarter'd instantly:
At the parke Corner, is a gallous set,
Whether make haste to render nature debt.
Wint. Then hould, the end of Wyats riding vp,
I to keepe Spenser do from the Lord mine fyerne,
Right willingly I yeelde my selfe to death,
But sorry such, should haue my place of birth.
Had London kept his word, Wyat had
stood,
But now King Phillip enters through my blood.
Win. Where's the Lieftenant of the Tower?
Exit Officer with Wyat.
Enter Lieftenant.
Lie. Heere my Lord.
Win. Fetch foorth your other Prisoner.
Lieft. My Lord I will, heere lyes young Guilford,
heere's the Lady Jane.
Norfol. Conduct them forth.
Enter

Enter Young Guilford and the Lady Lane.

Guil: Good morrowe once more to my lovelye Iane.

Lane: The last good morrow my sweete loue to thee.

Guil: What were your reading?

Iane: On a prayer booke.

Guil: Trust me so was I, wee hade neede to pray,
For see, the Ministers of death drawe neere.

Lane: To a prepared minde death is a pleasure,
I long in soule, till I haue spent my breath.

Guil: My Lord High Chancelor, you are welcome heather,
What come you to beholde our execution?
And my Lord Arundell, thrice welcome,
You helpte to attache our Father, come you now,
To see the blacke conclusion of our Tragedie?

Win: We come to doe our office.

Guil: So doe wee,
Our office is to die, yours to looke on:
We are beholding vnto such beholders,
The time was Lords, when you did flock amaine,
To see her crowned, but now to kill my Iane,
The world like to a fickell, bends it selfe,
Men runne their courte of liues as in a maze,
Our office is to die, yours but to gaze.

Lane. Patience my Guilford.

Guil. Patience my louely Lane,
Patience has blancht thy soule, as white as snow,
But who shall answere for thy death? thou know,
An innocent to die, what is it lesse,

But

But to adde Angels to heauen hap[illegible]
The guiltie dying, doe applaud the law,
But when the innocent creature stoopes his neck
to an vniust doome; vpon the Iudge they check.
Liues are like soules, required of their[illegible]
Then ours of you, that should be our protectors.
Win: Raile not against the law.
Guilfor: No, God forbidde, my Lord of Winchester,
It's made of lawe, and should I raile against it
Twere against you, will forget me,
You reioyc'd to see the fall of Cardinall,
Ioy you now at me?
Oft dying men are fild with prophesies,
But ile not be a prophet of your ill.
Yet knowe my Lordes, they that behold vs now,
May to the axe of Iustice one day bowe,
And in that plot of ground where we must die,
Sprinckle their bloodes,
Though I know no cause why.
Norf: Speake you to me Lord Guilford?
Gui: Norfolke no, I speake to[illegible]
Norf: To whome?
Gui: Alasse I doe not knowe which of vs two dies first,
Win: The better part.
Gui: Or rather kill the worst,
Lane: Tis I sweete Loue, that must kisse the block.
Guilf. I am a man & men better brooke the shocke of threatning death,
Your sexe are euer weake.

The thoughts of death, a womans heart will breake.

Lane. But I am armde to die.

Guilf: Likelyer to liue:

Death to the vnwilling dooth his presence giue:
Hee dares not looke the bolde man in the face,
But on the featefull layes his killing Mace.

Wine. It is the pleasure of the Queene, that the Lady Lane must first suffer death.

Lane. I thanke her Highnesse,
That I shall first depart this hapleſſe world,
And not Survive to see my deere Loue dead,

Guilf: She dying first, I three times loose my head.

Enter the Headsman.

Headsm. Forgiue me Lady I pra'y your death.

Guilf: Ha? hast thou the heart to kill a face so faire.

Wine. It is her Headsman.

Guil: And demaundest a pardon,
Onely of her, for taking off her head?

Lane: I gentle Guilford, and I pardon him.

Guil: But ile not pardon him, thou art my wife.
And he shall aske me pardon for thy life,

Head: Pardon me my Lord.

Guil: Rise, doe not kneele.
Though thou subm't'st, thou hast a lowring steele
Whose fatal declynation brings our deaths:

Good

Good man of earth, make haste to make vs cleane.

Hast. Pleaseth the Lady Iane, ile helpe her off with her night-Gowne.

Lane: Thankes gentle friend,
But I haue other waiting women to attend mee.
Good Mistris Eslin lend me a helping hand,
To strip me of this worldly ornament
Off with these robes, O teare them from my side,
Such silken couers are the guilt of pride.
Insteede of gownes, my couertures of earth,
My worldly death or new Celestiall birth.
What is it off?

Lad: Madam almoste.

Lane: Not yet, O God! how hardly can we
shake off this worldes Pomp,
That cleaues vnto vs like our bodies filthiness
Yet thus O God shake of thy seruants sinne.

Lady: Here is a scarfe to blinde your eies.

Lane: From all the world, but from my Guilfords sight:
Before I fasten this beneath my brows,
Let me behold him with a cheerefull looke.

Guil: O doe not kill me with that pitious eie!

Lane: 'Tis my last farwell, take it patiently.
My deerest Guilford let vs kisse and part.
Nowe blinde mine eyes, now fasten fast my sight,
Blindefold death, I yeilde me to thy might.

Guil: Oh!

Nurs: How fares my Lord?

Arun: Hee's falne into a traunce.

Nurs: Wake him deare, or will his wife sleepe long?
O happie Guilford without thee to liue.

This soule still be the first in heauenly blisse.

Enter the Heades-man with Lane.

Lane: Thus Ioues good will, &c.

Bur. I haue other waiting women to attend me.

With Heart, comes the Headsman, with the head of Lane.

Gent. Who spake of Lane? who named my louely Lane?

Was Lane the Traitors head?

Gent. Oh bloudie sight againe.

Yet let me beare this sight vnto my graue

My sweete Lanes head:

Looke Norfolke, Arundell, Winchester,

Doe malefactors, looke to

That cleare

Thus

A cleere

Cheeke

Her innocence hath giuen her this lookes

How

Gent. Oh!

If I

Our soules

The

The skie is calme, our deathes haue a faire day,
And we shall passe the smoother on our way.
My Lords farwell, I once farwel to all,
The Fathers pride has causde the Childrens fall.

Exit Guilford to Death.

Nor. Thus haue we seene her Highnesse will perform'd,
And now their heads and bodies shall bee ioynd
and buried in one graue, as fits their loues.
Thus much ile say in their behalfes now dead,
Their Fathers pride their liues haue seuered.

FINIS.

[illegible] will be the firſt in heauenly bliſſe.

Enter the Headſ-man with Lanes head.

Wiu. Heare comes the Headſ-man, with the head of Iane:

Guil. Who ſpake of Iane? who namde my louely Iane?

Wiu. Behold her head.

Gui. O I ſhall faint againe!
Yet let me beare this ſight vnto my [illegible]
My ſweete Lanes head:
Looke Norfolke, Arundell, Winchel[illegible]
Doe malefactors, looke:
Thus when they die, a ruddie lippe,
A cleere reflecting eye,
Cheekes purer then the Maiden oreant pea[illegible]
That ſprinckles bashfulnes through the [illegible]
Her innocence, has giuen her this looke:
The like for me to ſhow ſo well being dead,
How willingly, would Guilford looſe his head.

Wiu. My Lord, the time runs on.

Guil. So does our death.
Heeres one has run ſo faſt ſhee's out of breath,
But the time goes on,
And my faire Lanes white ſoule, wil be
In heauen before me
If I doe ſtay: ſtay gentle wife,
Thy Guilford, followes thee,
Though on the earth we part, by aduerſe fate,
Our ſoules ſhall knock together at heauens gate.

The

Thus this is [illegible] deathes haues [illegible]
And we shall passe the smoother on our way.
My Lords farwell, Ponce farwel to all,
The Fathers pride has cauſde the Childrens fall.

Exi: Guilford to Death.

Nor. Thus haue we ſeene her Highneſſe will perform'd,
[illegible]
And now their heads and bodies ſhall bee ioynd
and buried in one graue, as firs their loues.
Thus much ile ſay in their behalfes now dead,
[illegible] Fathers pride their liues haue ſeuered.

FINIS.